



APOTHEKAN 1948



COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF PHARMACY

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APOTHECARY'S PRAYER

O GOD, Great Master Of the healing arts, Bless my slow unwieldy hands; Make skilled and sensitive My fingertips for all demands, As counter for disaster. Fill my mental starts With keenness; let me live That other lives may through Deft medium of my science Pursuance find in health. Let each capsule that I count Yield strength-rewarding wealth; Each liquid that I mix anew, Each ointment for appliance, In all and each amount Be healing prayer. Let me ne'er forget Thy generous Providence Held within my trembling hands. Help me justly execute, dispense, And be cautious of my ware -And while life's hour-glass yet Runs, with the doctor guide its sands. Place within my heart Alert and wholesome fear. Lest I misweigh a single grain And death comes stalking from my shelves. Make impotent limbs to walk, pain And sorrow's counterpart With my potions disappear; And God, give hope unto themselves. – Sister Mary Junilla, Ph.G

FOREWORD

As we approach the grand finale, the last performance of the class of 1948, we might pause for a moment of introspection and self-appraisal to determine what, if anything, distinguishes this class

trom any previous graduating class.

The present graduating class is not a single entity, with a common inception dating back to freshman days. It is a hybrid, containing members ranging from the class of 1944 to the class of 1948, fused by the fortunes of war into one graduating class. As against the obvious disadvantages of a disrupted education, we have at least one compensating factor: on our return to college, we not only met new faces and made additional friends, but many casual acquaintanceships which were formed during freshman and sophomore years have been renewed. In this post-war era they blossomed into friendships whose roots go far deeper than the mere implication of "classmate."

In the face of a diversity of backgrounds and beginnings, we have worked shoulder to shoulder during the past two years. Now, as the curtain rings down on our final performance, we can step forward as a unified cast to take our bow—we proudly present the Class of 1948.



DEDICATION



PROF. HORACE M. CARTER

Another milestone in the career of Professor Horace M. Carter tokes place with the araduation of the Class of '48. A member of the Columbia College of Pharmacy teoching stoff since 1927, Professor Carter is leaving the foculty to establish his own cosmetic firm. As guide, friend, and a well aualified instructor, he will always be remembered for his understanding towards his students. His gentlemanly mannerisms and cheerful appearance are a few of the many things we admire him for. Never once did he ignore our pleas for assistance; our problems were his. Professor Carter's knowledge of pharmacy is vast, and his treatment of the subject portrays a combination of reality and understonding. Perhaps more so than anyone else, he helped us obtain an appreciation for the science and art of pharmacy and in so doing, has earned our sincerest respect.

Professor Carter has a realistic outlook towards pharmacy. He is one of the few men who comprehends that industrial pharmacy has gained such momentum that a pharmacy curriculum is incomplete without courses relating to research and laboratory technique to assist the graduate in competing in this new field. Today, pharmacy graduates do not have adequate training to warrant admission into the realm of industrial endeavour. The B.S. degree earned upon completion of the course is insufficient to cope with the machinery, the production, and the mechanisms of discovering new drugs. Professor Carter has also maintained that the present type of State Board Examinations is thoroughly outmoded and that they do not truly test the aptitude or the knowledge of the pharmacy graduate. His futuristic outlook on pharmacy has many supporters, as plans are under way for a new type of State Board Examination, requiring less memorization and more reasoning power.

Professor Carter, a native of Vermont, obtained his Pharmacy Degree at the Albany College of Pharmacy. Shortly afterwards, he obtained his PH.C. and B.S. in Chemistry at Union University in Schenectady and Cooper Union in New York, respectively.

During World War I he served as o Pharmacist's Mate in the Navy, and was in charge of the McLane Hospital Dispensatory in Waverly, Mass. He has done research in Chemistry and Biochemistry at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and at Boston University. During his versatile career, Professor Carter has held various positions requiring skill and knowledge of Pharmaceutical matters. He was control chemist for the Warner Company and Richard Hudnut. He was chief chemist for the Marinello Company and Langer Company, New York, and manufacturing chemist for the United Drug Company. A few of his various extra-curricular activities include: Post Commander of the American Legion, fraternity member and past Regent of Kappa Psi, and an honorary member of Rho Pi Phi and Delta Siama Theta.

Before Professor Carter came to Columbia, he taught at the Albany College of Pharmacy. He started at C.U.C.P. as an associate professor and has taught every course in the Pharmacy Department. He is now head of the department and holds a full professorship.

We hope that his chief ambition will be realized now that he is re-entering the field of his choice. Cosmetics have been his chief interest in pharmacy and he has always been interested in obtaining new scents and discovering new products that would interest the public. It is our fervent desire that the light that comes into Professor Carter's eyes when he discusses his pet subject will burn continuously as he achieves success in his favorite pursuit.

The graduating class was fortunate in being able to complete its curriculum under the guidance of Professor Carter. Now that we are both taking leave of the Columbia College of Pharmacy, we wish to dedicate this book to him as an enduring token of our esteem.

To a true gentleman and scholar, to a man who never lost patience with his students, to a man who frequently proved that pharmacy is both a science and an art, let us not to say good-bye, but rather "au revier."



CHARLES W. BALLARD — DEAN

The privilege of studying under the Dean is one that is reserved for the Seniors. It was not until our final year that we came to know and appreciate his many qualities.

FAREWELL MESSAGE

As the members of the Class of '48 pass from undergraduate to alumni status, I wonder how each would answer the question: "How have I benefitted or gained from this college training?" As the degree is tangible evidence of the satisfactory completion of the study, doubtless a goodly number would say that this was the chief gain. Others might go iurther and say that their gain was a wide range of knowledge which would be useful later. In both instances the replies are directly related to the utility of this education in making a livelihood. As most of us are dependent on our own efforts in the matter of livelihood, anything which increases our chances of doing so easily rates number one among the benefits derived from energy, time and money expended on education.

But there is something else to be gained from this college residence and this is the ability to work and associate with others despite differences in personal characteristics and opinions. This ability is not imparted through formal instruction and there are no examinations to test how well it has been acquired. How much of this ability each has gained depends on the individual and his temperamental makeup, but none can escape gaining some. Furthermore, one need not attend college to acquire it. I think that those called into war service where they were thrown in close contact with men of all sorts have had a full education along these lines.

In receiving the degree, you have gained that which is the popular concept of a college education—preparation to better enable you to support yourself and your dependents; but in addition to this, I hope you have acquired something of what we might term "education for living." While this education for living promotes the interests of the individual in his efforts to make such a living, it is of far greater significance in the welfare of a nation such as ours which includes people from all parts of the world among its citizens. On several occasions the people of this country have shown that they know something about this education for living, and because of this knowledge, it has been possible to transform the weaknesses inherent in a heterogeneous population into the strength necessary for the accomplishment of a given objective.

These then are two of the gains from your period of college study: an education for Pharmacy to provide a means of livelihood and something in the way of an education for amicably living and working with others. Each complements the other and together they make a good Pharmacist and a good citizen.

Charles W. Ballard

TRIBUTE



MISS ELEANOR KERKER

In any great enterprise, there are always some behindthe-scenes personages—those experts and technicians whose work is essential to the success of the venture, but is seldom publicized. Our transactions with the registrar are usually limited to registration twice a year, hence few of us realize either the scope or the importance of the registrar's work.

After a lifetime of service to the College of Pharmacy, Miss Eleanor Kerker has retired. We would like to avail ourselves of this opportunity to pay tribute to her, in cognizance of her untiring work and zealous efforts in behalf of the college.

Since November 1912, Miss Kerker has been faithfully serving, in an administrative capacity, the demands of the college. She held the position of assistant registrar and assistant librarian during the regime of Mr. Simpson, her predecessor as registrar. Upon Mr. Simpson's retirement in 1940, the administrative controls passed into the capable hands of Eleanor Kerker. Among the many chores delegated to her at that time were: maintenance of records of admissions, grades, attendance, addresses, and all other data pertaining to students. In addition, she assisted in the handling of the multifarious duties and details connected with the office in general.

Because of her adept handling of the mountains of records required by many of us while in service, her keen interest in the students, and her cheerful cooperation at all times, we wish to express our thanks, respects, and good wishes for the future to Miss Eleanor Kerker.

APOTHEKAN STAFF



Editor — Martin S. Margolis Associate Editor — Stanley D. Gottheim Photography—Morton B. Berger Art Editor — Arthur I. Borden Editorial Staff



Prospective Fathers







Class Pappa

Irving Jaffe Class Pharmacist Irwin Tabachnick



Class Well-Dressed Man___ Herb Halpern Class Lover ___Arty Borden

BRIGHT SAYINGS

To enter this contest, identify the geniuses who have made the following statements at one time or another; then tear off the top of the Dispensing Lab and mail it with six end-points to the National Institute for Feeble-minded Faculty.

"Ya wanna play this one cozy!"

"I wish I could drill holes in your heads, stick funnels in the holes and pour analytical chemistry into them."

"Whist, whist, whist-pressure points."

"The quality of clam chowder is inversely proportional to its content of Thyme."

"Tear out the page."

"How would you explain it to the man in the street?"

"PLEASE fellows, come back, It's not REALLY an exam."

"Handle the machines carefully—the V.A. won't pay for them."

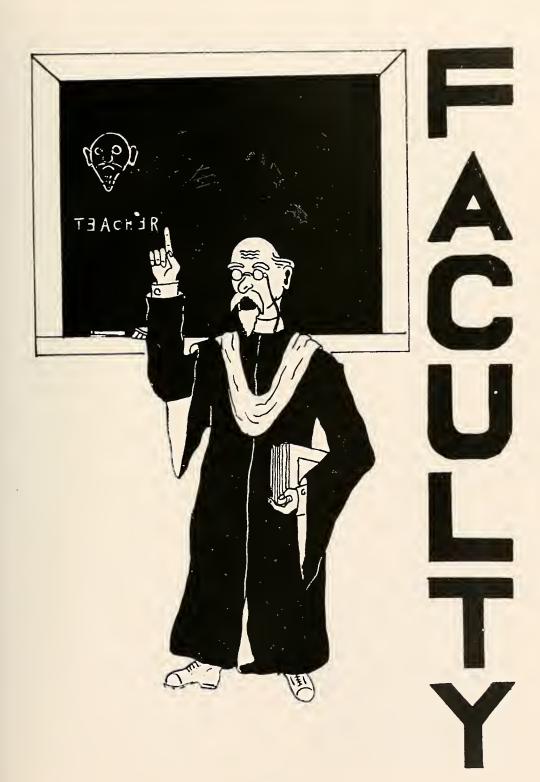
"The low point on the curve represents that Pharmacy group."

"Don't look for loopholes, learn the law!"

On reminiscing over the last three years, we have come to find that our college is one of the few unchanging things in this changing world. Even the faculty has the ability to achieve permanent qualities about it. A few hairs may be lost or greyed, a few wrinkles may be added, but there have been very few changes made since we were Freshmen. There are a few personal characteristics of some members of our faculty which will forever stick in our minds. To the succeeding classes we want to leave a few questions on this subject. Do you think that you will ever see:

- 1. Dr. Halsey with a new suit?
- Dr. Di Somma walking leisurely down a flight of stairs?
- 3. Prof. Carter looking disheveled?
- 4. Prof. Pokorny overlooking a privet hedge on a Botany hike?
- 5. Prof. Hart lecturing from notes?
- 6. Prof. Farwell smile?
- 7. Dr. Redden lose his assurance?

WELL NEITHER DO WE.



BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES



The first discouragement in our four (?) year servitude as embryo pharmacists was a course presided over by the sloe-eyed martyr of the Botanical sciences, Professor Frank J. Pokorny. The course was resplendent with such choice diversified activities as colored lantern slides of flowers, leaves. sepals and petals. However everything has its compensations and Botany had two: the facial contortions, complete with sound effects, of Professor Pokorny and pleasant walks through Central Park learning about the Ginkgo tree. A trip through the park is equivalent to cutting class while your buddy answers "present" to your name. Then, of course, there is the educational consideration. We learned to identify on sight (or hearing) the genus Bolognaceae.

We also were given the opportunity to study first hand and in its native habitat the premating behavior of Homo Sapiens.

Speaking of such biological activities brings us to Dr. Halsey and Zoology. The good Doctor explained in pool room English a small bit about the inner workings of worms, cats et al. He punctuated his lectures with his own inimitable brand of philosophy. We were taught never to wipe our hands on our lab coats—the main trouble was that very few of us wore vests. The general concensus of opinion is that more was learned from Der Doktor after class than during class. Wonder what he meant by that crack, "Stop looking out of the window, Sternberg, she doesn't live there any more." Besides, how did he know about it?

Doc Halsey was blessed with us again the following year. "His little darlings" had a smattering of information about worms, frogs and cats and now had to learn a little Physiology. We proceeded to learn as little as possible—about Physiology, that is. We enjoyed watching Doc writing on the board with both hands at the same time. Wonder why he never marked our practical final? With both hands working at the same time, it should have been easy, it would be still easier if he had two heads; come to think of it, the way he proctors exams maybe he has. The Doctor is the only faculty member in school who gives reading assignments in the text and then marks you wrong on examinations because he disagrees with the author. On second thought, he has company in that category, but we won't mention her name.

Frank, sometimes known as Prof. Pokorny, among other things, was dismayed to have to face us again in Plant Histology. He must have regretted that in a moment of light-headedness he passed all of us. But we were big-hearted about the whole thing. We accepted the course with equanimity. Plant Histology was a compact, ready-totake-home course on the cell structure of plants, so most of us took it home and left it there. The main regret was that we did not stay home to keep it company. In spite of everything, we still think that phloem is something you cough up and that ducts are web-footed animals. The outstanding event of the term occurred when a student tried to prove to F. J. P. that his microscope was broken by falling stone cells.

Not many of the gang took First Aid, but to those that did, the informal easy-going lectures of Dr. Redden were a pleasant change. Our first contact with Professor Hart was in Pharmacognosy. This was not her chosen field, but if for no other reason than to display her versatility, she pinch hit for Professor Pokorny who had his hands full with teaching the lower classmen, commonly referred to as "the children." In the micro work we ran into bigger and better stone cells; fortunately, none of them fell on any microscopes. The seeds and fruit in macro provided excellent ammunition for

intra-mural warfare. Prof. Hart brought out some amazing background material. We never realized that Valeriana smellifera was first discovered by Pocahontas, who subsequently passed the dope along to Hiawatha's paternal grandmother, Running Water—and that's how diuretics were born.

It wasn't until Bacteriology that we felt free to call our teacher Fanny, among other things. Here the abbreviation N.F. took on a new meaning—Not according to Fanny. As the course wore on and the nerves wore down, we began to realize how important Bacteriology is to the Pharmacist. How else would we know whether Grams lodine was a 4% Tincture or an 8% Solution? G.C., we were taught, did not refer to General Cleanliness. The College bulletin claimed that the lectures for this course were one hour long—who were we to argue?

The reservoir of all our previous training in the Biological Department was the Dean's course in pharmacology. The showing of slides might have been a good idea if Dr. Ballard didn't turn out the lights. The ace lexicographers of the class were at a temporary loss—The Dean insisted that we use simple terminology. Dr. Ballard didn't see how we could ever finish the curriculum in time, but unfortunately he discovered that we had a couple of free hours on Thursday mornings, and the problem was solved.

The department, for all of our levity, really did teach us something. We're still trying to figure out just what that is, but we MUST have learned SOMETHING.



CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT



Most of us had Chemistry in High School and this course was going to be a snap. The first few lectures in General Chemistry were a fast review of the highlights of what we already knew and the majority of the class just leaned back and smiled. When the course got a little deeper, we did not have enough sense to stop resting. Mr. Anzelmi, who initiated our explorations into the molecule, was a quiet, easy-going sort of big brother to his students. With treatment like this, the anions and cations drifted by pleasantly enough.

The rude awakening came in the sophomore year. Professor Liberman caused many stout hearts to wain in his first lecture. He ranted and raved through the first 30 minutes and spent the rest of the period telling us how stupid we were. This naturally caused a good deal of resentment on our part. Where did a mere Professor of Chemistry get the audacity to call a class of full fledged sophomores a bunch of incompetent nincompoops? After taking the first exam in qualitative analysis, we felt that a point had been proven. We were incompetent nincompoops. After several months of listening to this abuse and threats to send us back to grade school to learn mathematics, a short three or four years in the service came as a

welcome relief to many. When the hardened veterans returned, they faced Professor Liberman again, now in Quantitative Analysis. Things had changed. According to the Professor we had experience, we were older, and the service had changed many-from incompetent nincompoops to blundering idiots. This made everybody very proud. The class felt that any change in the Prof.'s original opinion must be an improvement. Instead of acting like a teacher to a bunch of school kids, he now behaved like a commanding officer reprimanding subordinates. Gallon bottles too! Professor Liberman insisted that it was impossible to titrate material spilled on the desk, heh, heh. A few extra c.c's of sample multiplied by the compensation factor turned many a ruined titration into a passing grade. Moreover, one analyst borrowed the step-ladder and putty knife from Horace to scrape a portion of his sulfate sample from the ceiling. (His results were perfect, of course.) We suffered through the calibration of weights, dirt in our crucibles, leaking burettes, and after a tough struggle, we finally emerged into, of all things, "Organic.".

Dr. August A. Di Somma presided over this course. Never before had we encountered a man who gave lecture notes at such a

rapid pace. After the first two lectures, he informed us that he was a week behind and would answer questions only after class.

In the laboratory, the Doctor was assisted by Miss Siragusa, Messr's. Lieberman and Bellino, and Mess Wise. After explaining the hazzards of working with inflammable solvents and conducting a brief tour of the fire extinguishers, Dr. Di Somma turned the class loose in the laboratory. We immediately headed for the monkey climb and displayed our athletic prowess. It wasn't until the next lecture that we learned these bars were for scientific experimentation and not for extra-curricular activities. Our actual work started with the production of melting point tubes. Due to threatened picketing by the glass blowers union, the student body deemed it advisable to purchase these tubes. Next we proceeded to make and purify crystalline compounds. Here was our chance to make an impression, for Dr. Di Somma just loved beautiful crystals. When we had to run ether and alcohol distillations, the faculty considered building escape hatches. It seems that the Chem Lab was originally located on the first floor but due to several major mishaps, it was gradually blown up to the sixth floor. We came close to having a seventh floor during our Reign of Terror.

The highlight of the year came when each student was given a product to synthesize. The Doctor would probably be very upset if he realized that many of those beakers of our bubbling brown liquid were composed of coffee beans and water. Fortunately most of the class came through with bowed but unbroken spirits.

When we finally reached our senior year, we had the privilege of taking pharmaceutical analysis. This course was a carry-over of the principles that we were supposed to have learned in quantitative analysis. It was a fairly interesting course and Professor Taub was an easy man to get along with as long as we looked busy. A few fastidious and exacting students became indignant when one of the boys continually spilled, burned, or otherwise ruined his determina-

tions and yet got the best grades. This character would go around the class getting the average result, add the loose change in his pocket, multiply by the day of the month and subtract the result from his social security number; it was an infallible system. Two other analytical experts who were running their determinations together handed in each other's results by mistake. When the marks were returned they had an average of 4. Upon explaining their error to Mr. Lieberman, the lab assistant, who was a kindly soul, they were told to turn in the proper figures, and they would be corrected. The second results didn't do much for either students marks or morale—they both got zeros the second time.

The final half year of chemistry consisted of a course on synthetic medicinals. A comparative study of the structure, uses, advantages and disadvantages of the various proprietary drug items handled in a drug store. This was probably the most practical chemistry course on the program in an impractical sort of way. We feel sure that the man on the other side of the counter would not be particularly interested in whether a product had a methyl group on the Beta carbon or a hydroxyl group on the Gamma carbon, but we don't care, for now we are almost full-fledged pharmacists, and needn't worry about Chemistry until State Boards.



PHARMACY DEPARTMENT



As the well-trained pharmacist sells a bottle of aspirin over the counter, who can doubt that his mind will travel back over the years to his carefree freshman school days? Once again he is the eager student listening to Professor Wimmer orienting his pupils into the early history of Pharmacy. Although he has often wondered about it. Dr. Wimmer's words come ringing back to re-establish his faith, "pharmacy IS a profession." Of course this pharmacist immediately thinks of the many colorful personalities that roam through the pages of his profession's history: Claudius Galenus of Pergamos, Avicenna, the child prodiay, Maimonides and his oriental counter-part, Pun Tsao. With a sigh, he recollects how this was his introduction to Pharmacy at C.U.C.P.

But back to business; the bills must be added up, the charges totaled, etc. A smile crosses his face as he recalls Prof. Amsterdam's insistence that the calculations reguired by a pharmacist during the course of a day's business cannot be adequately covered by a cash register and an adding machine; "Oh no?" he mutters. The recent graduate laughs as he thinks of the fiendish problems conjured by his former instructor of Pharmaceutical calculations. The little conversion slide rule on his prescription counter can tell him at a glance the weight of 19.213 minims of water. It was Prof. Carter who introduced him to those two literary classics, The USP and NF, which plagued him for four years. Although he seldom makes official preparations anymore, he still recalls those two famous



phrases, "macerate with expression" and "percolate till exhausted."

The so-called practical aspect of pharmacy was taught by Dr. Brown. Although the C.U.C.P. alumnus had never been called upon to make urethral suppositories, it was comforting to know how to do so. Lucky thing, he learned Latin too! How else would he know what Tinctura or Syrupus meant?

He recalls that third year of Pharmacy quite vividly. Before that the class had been content to mix ingredients and watch results, but that year Prof. Carter had burst the bubble of fascination by asking "why" to everything. Not only did the class have to mix the ingredients, but they had to know the reason for the use of each one. The percolator became a familiar piece of equipment — and not for making coffee either! The lab procedures were broken on Friday mornings by the formal orations the students delivered on their chosen Pharmaceutical topics. One person became so engrossed in his speech that he continued raving for 20 minutes after the end of the period, before realizing that he was addressing an empty room. Ah, those were the good old days!

Mr. Blank's course, too, came back quite

clearly. He used to say, "Learn the law, and don't argue," but the love of a good argument was inherent in that class, and the instructor's patience was sorely tried on many occasions. The senior dispensing course was highly instructive. That phrase dentur in duplo took on a new significance and Dr. Brown had wondered how his class could make ten prescriptions, including pills and suppositories, in half the allotted time. Mr. Chavkin must have had his suspicions, but he never voiced them. These prescriptions were turned out with more dispatch than neatness or accuracy. By the end of that semester the fellows had a fine collection of pills in their desks and ceased making them afresh. Yes, that senior year had really kept them busy.

Professor Carter's Survey course had kept them on their toes. That file-card system system was pretty good for learning the USP and NF, but it was those weekly quizzes that provided the stimulus for studying.

On looking back over those Pharmacy courses, the pharmacist realizes that amid all that mass of philosophy and theory, there was still a wealth of pharmaceutical knowledge to be gained.





UNIVERSITY COURSES

The sole excuse for grouping the following courses together is the fact that each one helped to strengthen the link between the College of Pharmacy and the rest of Columbia University.

One of the first battles encountered in this section was a course called Survey of Mathematics. Whether the instructor was Dr. Levi or Mr. Supnick didn't matter. Both assumed that their students had a firm groundwork in Arithmetic—their first mistake. Problem: if John earns 15ε and Mary earns 10ε , should they get married and file a joint income tax return?

The chief difference between the English courses of Drs. de Groot and Harlan was that the latter was delivered with a Texas drawl. We were taught to never split our infinitives to use coreck speling punkchuashun and good english. We think our teachurs wud be proud of our presint ackomplishmints.

The course in History was called C.C., but we were all wrong, it meant Contemporary Civilization. We couldn't imagine why, as it was neither contemporary nor civilized; nevertheless Dr. Luthin did his utmost to bring light and learning to the innermost recesses of our souls.

Herr Ingenhuett tried to teach us German. While learning the language, we also learned to treat the sore throats that came with the course.

Although we may have forgotten Physics, we'll never forget Farwell. He still haunts our dreams, pushing buttons, plotting curves, and making life generally miserable for his pet peeve—the Pharmacy group.

One of the rewards for all of the aforementioned courses was the opportunity to see and be a part of the University itself; if for no other reason than that, we are thankful for having had these classes.

ADMINISTRATION



Although the administrative staff of the Columbia College of Pharmacy has seen many changes in the past several years, there is one thing that has not changed: the cheerful and cooperative attitude of the people in the office. Miss Eleanor Kerker, the ex-registrar and Miss Gertrude Hallinan, her successor, have both shown these traits.

Who is not familiar with the amiable smile that Miss Anne Silverman, the Bursar, flashes upon us when we come in to pay our fees? We suspect that she learned her technique by watching the pharmaceutical process of extraction on the 5th floor.

Catherine Miani has only two faults: she won't give out grades in advance, and she refuses to accept our help in mimeographing the exams; otherwise we think that she's just about tops. Mrs. Alice Almond, guardian of the switchboard and sundry other duties, has completely charmed us with her Bostonian accent. Rounding out the office staff is Miss Mildred Ackerman whose pleasant disposition fits into the general scheme of things.

Mrs. Florence Wodicka, who presides over the library, has always been helpful and patient with us, especially when the more exuberent members of the class would raise a rumpus within the sacred confines of the library.

We wish to express our thanks and appreciation to the staff for the many ways in which they have helped us throughout the years that we have spent at C.U.C.P.





CLASS HISTORY

Early one September morn in 1941, about 45 assorted boys and girls boarded a sleek, new streamliner at the 68th Street Station, for a fast trip to Graduation. The scheduled running time was four years.

Before the passengers had time to relax, the ticket agent, a flint-eyed person named Pritchard, was around to collect the fare. As they settled down to enjoy the trip, the group looked around and took stock of their fellow passengers.

The studious looking fellow in the corner engrossed in a book was Stew Kaplan. The book that he seemed to be memorizing was "The Art of Seduction in Sex Easy Lessons." Next to Stew sat a big guy with his eyes bulging as he ran them rapidly over the pages of a Fantastic Story magazine. "Art Borden's the name," he said, "but Arty to my friends."

The train was just beginning to roll out of the station, when a sleepy looking and somewhat breathless character dashed up and hopped on the rear platform. "Paul Glazer," he gasped between breaths. "I quess I'm a little late." One little fellow kept pacing nervously up and down the aisle. He must have been afraid that he would never reach his destination for he kept looking out the window and asking everybody, "Are we almost there yet." With a winsome smile, he introduced himself, "Mr. James J. Tobin." The Dapper Dan sitting near the window, who kept straightening his tie, had the monogram E. K. on his valise, but he introduced himself simply as Eddie. He soon struck up a conversation with the wavy-haired boy sitting next to him, Marty Margolis.

The peace was shattered by a deafening roar from the platform that had all the earmarks of a political discussion. "Look, Berger," a stentorian voice bellowed out, "I don't care how many . . ."

"Take it easy Dinerman," counseled the youthful looking Harry Hill.

"Okay, Harry," he replied, then turning to a fellow adjusting his garters, "What do you think, Herb?" "I think that if we don't quiet down, we'll wake Tabach over there," Herb Halpern replied, pointing to the chubby youngster peacefully sleeping with his head on his fist.

Sitting next to the corpulent slumberer was a quiet fellow engrossed in a White Plains newspaper, who answered to the name of Al.

No train trip is complete without a card game—nor was this one any exception. There were six passengers already aboard when the train pulled in at the 68th Street Station — "Hank" Greenberg, "Sonny" Kaner, Protopapas, Starkman, Saffer, and Maurice (Cugat) Zolkower. Hank lost no time in starting up a pinochle game with Max Wise and Rosy.

It seemed the trip had no sooner started, when the train began to slow down and finally came to a stop at station No. 1942, to pick up more passengers. A wave of panic rippled through the car as the first of the passengers entered twirling two pistols, spurs aflashing. The crowd calmed down however, when they learned that Wild Bill Fink was just a drug store cowboy. Behind the cowboy, helping untangle him from his spurs was the grinning Ray Weinstein.

For the first time, Maxim S. unglued his eyes from the cards, looked at the ankles passing by and let out a long low whistle. The handkerchief that she promptly dropped had "Selma" neatly embroidered in the corner.

The two fellows hunting for seats were heatedly discussing baseball. Joe Nakashian, zestfully chewing on a carrot, was gloating over Bright Boy Gottheim's mournful recollections of the Dodger's debacle.

Just as the newcomers were getting settled, three more fellows boarded the train and shook hands all around. George Coutros was the tall, slender, mournful looking chap. The boy with the new luggage and carefully waved hair was Harry Rowinsky and the third member of the trio was Marty Gale. They explained that they had

just transferred from another train.

That first part of the trip was filled with a variety of scenes and experiences, many of which seemed strange and unreal. Galloping alongside of the train on a magnificent white stallion, was Hopalong Harlan, the pride of the Texas prairie. His participles were dangling from the saddle, while he frantically tried to mend a split infinitive. As the line of cars sped by the horseman, the passengers could hear him shouting, and although the words were unintelligible, they could make out the phrase "incendiary bomb."

The engineer slowed down as the train passed through a little Indian village. In the early dusk, the tourists could see a medicine man, Dr. Lonesome Levi, sitting before his tepee and drawing strange symbols in the sand: $\times \triangle$ dy/dx S_2 ; but these were promptly forgotten by the gang in the coach.

At one point in the trip, the monotony was temporarily relieved when a tall, paunchy man entrained and, while perspiring profusely, harangued the stupefied audience on the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas. Lothario Luthin, as the traveling evangelist called himself, didn't stay long. When the fellows fled to the parlor car for refuge, he gave up in disgust and hopped off the train as it slowed down for a curve.

Soon after this incident, a travelling show got on board, and offered to entertain the weary throng. Best part of the act was the Amazing Anzelmi, Master Magician. From water he produced wine, and vice-versa. With a wave of his hand he brought forth explosions and lightning flashes, and kept the spectators thoroughly absorbed. When the more boisterous of the onlookers got out of control, the bouncer and muscle-man for the show, H. J. Amsterdam, reduced their excess pounds to grains without showing any scruples. This show was sponsored by Whimsical Wimmer, salesman of Wimmer's Panacea, a secret formula handed down

from Claudius Q. Galen. It was a guaranteed cure for corns, callouses, common colds, chilblains, catarrh, chronic colitis, cataleptic convulsions and cardiac collapse. After the performance, Calm Carter showed the prospective buyers of this cure-all many of the details of its manufacture, complete with chemical equations. Just about this time, the conductor came by and punched everybody's tickets. This marked the end of the first leg of the journey.

Early the following morning, while the tired voyagers were still asleep, a sharp report rent the air. As bleary eyes opened and heads turned, the sound was repeated, and there in the middle of the car stood Leering Liberman, his long, snake-like whip raised again. When everyone's attention was finally focused on the newcomer, he started ranting and raving at the cowed assemblage. He analyzed their characters quantitatively and qualitatively, and when one poor unfortunate began to doze c!! again, the Master gave his 20 lashes with a length of Bunsen tubing, till the poor wretch reached his end-point and changed colors.

A bustling character elbowed his way down the aisle toward the control board. Then he proceeded to play with the buttons, causing panels to slide, windows to open, steel shutters to clang and lights to flicker, all the while mumbling meaningless phrases in a New England accent. As they led him away still struggling, he kept shrieking, "But I tell you that I'm Fearsome Farwell."

After this interlude, the ravenous horde descended on the dining car for breakfast. The smiling head-waiter eloquently explained, in polysyllabic words, the innermost secrets of the flowers adorning the tables. "If the service isn't just right," he said, one finger raised in the air, "just call on Frank Pokorny."

On looking at the menu, one of the diners let out a surprised cry, "But this is in German!" The waiter, an obliging chap named





Ingenhuett, promptly bustled over and translated the meaningless jumble. The breakfast orders were promptly filled by an immaculate chef in a white cap who neatly sliced microscopic sections of beef, for the specialty of the day, Halsey's Hash, which he concocted with loving care.

In a corner of the kitchen, his arms and face covered with flour, was Baker Brown, Halsey's chief cook and bottle-washer. There was an intent expression on his face as he elegantly kneaded and pounded the doughy mass into perfect spheres, cones and other shapes, with accuracy, neatness and dispatch.

At approximately the mid-point of the trip, there was a brief interruption, due to war-time shortages (of manpower) and the conductor announced that the running time would be longer than originally scheduled; the engine was disconnected and the coach remained standing on a siding.

It wasn't very long before a through train was flagged and stopped, the coach hooked on, and the journey resumed.

It did not take long for the adventurers from the stalled train to mingle with those of the express to which they were joined. Their interests were similar, and the initial part of both expeditions had many points in common.

The tall fellow wearing glasses made a willing fourth in the ever-lasting card game—"Arnold Diamond's the name and pinochle's my game."

The one person on the train who remained ignorant of the union of the two contingents was Ralph Saltzman. He remained asleep, blissfully unaware of his surroundings, probably worn out from shadow boxing. Shep Cantor cornered Al Fremont and started explaining to him the various attractions of a matinee performance. Seeing two well-proportioned men in one spot, Bernice Jacobson wormed her way into the lecture and listened enraptured.

The bony race-track sharpy who looked as though he had a hanger in his jacket kept hovering over the red-headed Barbara Keenan. "Jack London, why don't you behave yourself," she scolded. "Take a powder, Jack," Irv Wahl suggested, whereupon the comic whipped out a BC and swallowed it, paper and all.

The plumpish, young-looking fellow be-

haved as though this were his first train trip—which it was; but under the careful guidance of Irv Jaffe, Paikoff became a veteran traveler.

In the dining car that afternoon, the travelers were surprised when they were again greeted by the same smiling host as on the previous train, and once again Headwaiter Pokorny took care of his select clientele. The chef, too, was the same. The dish that he served this time for the delectation of the passengers was called Doc's Dumplings. At the next stop a representative of a well known chemical company boarded the train and to pass the time showed everybody samples of one of his products. It was a new plastic that Dr. Di Somma called di bubblio muctane. It had been synthesized by a 7, 11 addition across the double bagelbond. The complexity of this explanation caused several people to jump up and leave. The last person out tripped on a benzene ring which lay in the aisle and fractured his leg, whereupon a Dr. Redden rushed in and flashing his First Aider's card, promptly went to work on the broken bone. In the midst of the first aid treatment, Calm Carter re-appeared on the scene. He had broken with Whimsical Wimmer and decided to stay with the train for a short while. He explained to the rapt listeners several new techniques and processes of manufacturing. This brief speech was followed by an explanation on the purchase and economics of running a going concern by Calm Carter's legal adviser. Baffling Blank.

For a little diversion, the fellows and girls went into the parlor car. A small crowd, gathered around a traveling saleswoman, attracted their attention. This vendor evidently had a gambling streak in her. Her wares consisted of fruit, seeds, nuts and assorted herbs, and she made the same offer to all potential customers. "Identify the item you wish to purchase and it's yours at no cost," she said, "but if you fail, you'll

pay—dearly." AND THEY DID! When Hectic Hart had disposed of her stock, she whipped out a DDT bomb and ran up and down the parlor car spraying and disinfecting. "Bacteria, you know," she explained to the bewildered spectators.

As the train started slowing down, the passengers rushed to the windows. An oil car pulled alongside and poured oil into the depleted tanks of the Diesel. Supervising the operation was Taciturn Taub. He had checked the viscosity of the oil, taken its Sp/G and ran a few purity tests until he was satisfied with the quality of the oil. Then, noting the interested group huddled at the window, he explained to them why his company's oil was not as toxic, if swallowed, as other brands. After showing the basic structure of the oil, he proceeded to show how this had been modified until the toxicity was low and the efficiency high.

A commotion at the entrance of the car caused the crowd to shift their attention. Baker Brown had rushed into the car, still covered with flour, and was shrieking, "Who stole my cookie mould? How can I do my woik without my cookie mould?" He was finally quieted by Baffling Blank, who pointed out that he had no evidence for such wild accusations. "Furthermore," Blank warned him, "you're laying yourself





open to a suit for slander and defamation of character, so be careful whom you accuse."

After this brief interlude, Calm Carter entered. He was carrying two thick volumes, entitled USP and NF. "We've had a pleasant time together, folks," he announced, "now let's take a survey of the highlights of the trip." Then, opening the thickest of the two tomes, he turned to page 1 and started. When he finally paused for a brief rest, the engineer of the entire trip entered, and the assemblage got a close-up of him for the first time. Dr. Ballard was of slight build, with graying hair and a cheerful disposition. "First in order," he rapped out

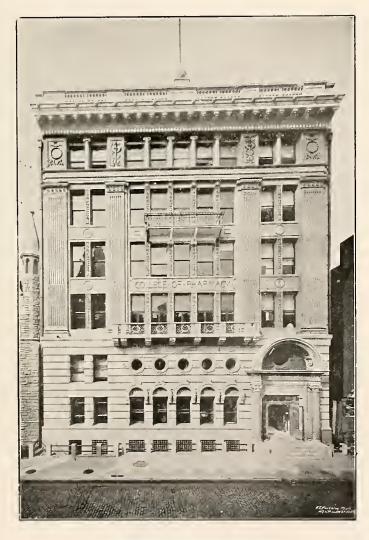
in incisive tones, "is this matter of the completion of this journey."

There followed a rapid, but thorough outline of the use and action of every piece of equipment in the car. At the conclusion of this discourse, the engineer laid aside his book, and said "I hope you have had a pleasant trip; for some it has been a long and tiring pilgrimage, but I trust that you will all make good use of everything you have seen and heard during this journey."

At last the depot is in sight! As the passengers joyfully prepare to alight from the car, they cannot but feel that whatever the future may bring, they are well prepared for it.



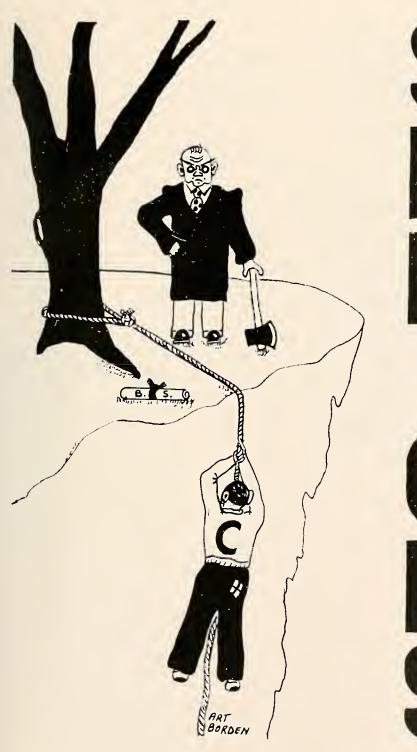
High School Diploma Chemistry Pharmacy αα yrs. IV English Mathematics German Physics History Pharmacology Pharmaceutical Economics aa yrs. i Botany Zoology Physiology Plant Histology First Aid Pharmacognosy Bacteriology Jurisprudence aa yrs. ss Sweat, tears and examinations q.s. Misce secundum artem. Sig: Pharmacist Note to compounder: There is no cut-rate price on this prescription. DON'T SELL IT SHORT!



The College of Pharmacy in 1920

DIRECTORY

Abramson, Alfred B.-39 Cleveland St., White Plains, N. Y. Berger, Morton B.— 143 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn, N. Y. Borden, Arthur I.—12 Brighton 4th Road, Brooklyn, N. Y. Cantor, Shepard—174-07 69th Ave., Flushing, L. I., N. Y. Coutros, George W.—241 Van Vorst St., Jersey City, N. J. Diamond, Arnold S.—3421 DeKalb Ave., Box 60, N. Y., N. Y. Dinerman, Bernard B.—37' Wadsworth St., New York, N. Y. Fink, William—550 Avenida de Palmas, Tucson, Ariz. Fremont, Alfred-16 West 75th St., New York, N. Y. Gale, Martin J.—779 Crotona Park North, The Bronx, N. Y. Glazer, Paul-1220 47th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Gottheim, Stanley D.—1620 St. Johns Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y. Greenberg, Seymour—67 Sterling St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Halpern, Herbert-2077 Wallace Ave., The Bronx, N. Y. Hill, Harry W.—148 West 76th St., New York, N. Y. Jacobson, Bernice D.—37 Elm Pl., Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y. jaffe, Irving—165 East 66th St., New York, N. Y. Kaner, Myron J.—3608 21st Ave., Astoria, L. I., N. Y. Kaplan, Stewart-McCloskey Hall, North Brothers Island, The Bronx, N. Y. Keenan, Barbara J.—32 North 10th St., New Hyde Park, N. Y. Krasnoff, Edward L.—707 East 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. London, Jack—165 Patchen Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Margolis, Martin S.—1497 Sterling Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y. Nakashian, Joseph—9407 Astoria Blvd., Jackson Heights, L. I., Paikoff, Sidney-402 Albany Ave., Kingston, N. Y. Protopapas, Romolo-4 West 103rd St., New York, N. Y. Rowinsky, Harry—168 Tompkins Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Saffer, Zola—378 South 3rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Saltzman, Ralph—1956 72nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Starkman, Bernard—168 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Tabachnick, Irwin—1783 Fulton Ave., The Bronx, N. Y. Tobin, James J.—35 Jackson St., New York, N. Y. Wahl, Irving S.—195 Van Nostrand Ave., Jersey City, N. J. Weinstein, Raymond L.—1200 Chestnut St., Trenton, N. J. Weinstein, Selma-317 West 89th St., New York, N. Y. Wise, Maxim S.—1454 Walton Ave., The Bronx, N. Y. Zolkower, Maurice K.—903 Albany Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.





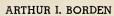


ALFRED B. ABRAMSON

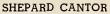
C.U.C.P.'s Gift to Hunter. A regular fellow— Basketball Team; Delta Sigma Theta quiet and modest.

MORTON B. BERGER

"The Head", "Chalk, Berger!" Expounds ethics—and practices what he preaches. A.Ph.A.; Apothekan Staff; Rho Pi Phi.



"Humphrey" "Are corn bacteria?" Vice-President Sophomore class; Apothekan Staff; Rho Pi Phi



Almost L.L.B., Ph.G., B.S., U.S.P. II Cantor— Knows everything about all non-official drugs. Rho Pi Phi





GEORGE W. COUTROS

Slender, Tender and Tall "It's cheaper to eat at Uncle's."
Basketball Team ; A.Ph.A.

ARNOLD S. DIAMOND

Pinochle before pH. His end point is a 400 hand. Basketball Team.





BERNARD DINERMAN

"Belligerent Bernie" "I can get it for you wholesale." Blank vs. Dinerman—guess who won.

Junior Student Council Rep.; Delta Sigma Theta.

WILLIAM FINK

"Two Pestle" Fink—Arizona's Wild Bill. He commutes—New York to Massachusetts.



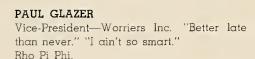


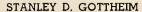
ALFRED FREMONT

A man with a brain, a calm outlook, and a practical streak. Delta Sigma Theta.

MARTIN J. GALE

"She'll wait for me—it won't take too long to get 13 more degrees." A.Ph.A.; Amer. Chem. Society.





l Bunsen + l Electrical Socket = SHORT! "Notes mimeographed, reasonable rates." Associate Editor of Apothekan; Delta Sigma Theta.

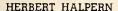




SEYMOUR GREENBERG

"Hank" — the perennial student. "I been here longer than the Dean." Kayo Mullins a la C.U.C.P.

Delta Sigma Theta; Apothekan Staff.



"Lover Boy." "I'm practically nude — no garters."

Senior Student Council Rep.; Delta Sigma Theta.









CAMERA SHY

HARRY W. HILL

Skippy—incarnate. "No minors allowed." Harry is pleasant and unassuming. Senior Student Council Rep.; Vice-Chancellor Delta Sigma Theta.

BERNICE D. JACOBSON

"Have you heard . . .?" "If there's anything you don't understand, Prof. Taub, just ask me."

Vice-President Lambda Kappa Sigma.



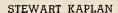


IRVING JAFFE

"Pappa". "96? Where did I lose four points?" Rho Pi Phi.

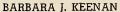
MYRON J. KANER

"Sonny". Cafe Society-Midtown. "Now which car shall I take with this suit?"
President Senior Class; Basketball Team;
Delta Sigma Theta.



"Is it kickin' yet, honey?" "I gotta catch a ferry." Mischief lurks behind that intellectual look.

Delta Sigma Theta.



"Bobby." She "flunked" Physics—with a B. "Who's got my notes now?"
Senior Class Secretary; Apothekan Staff;
President Lambda Kappa Sigma





EDWARD L. KRASNOFF

"Dapper Dan." "Oh thay, my lipstick's on crooked!" "Late again, the train was crowded."

President Sophomore Class; Delta Sigma Theta.



All American Boy. "Gotta cigarette?" Well, the current theory is . . ." Apothekan Staff.









MARTIN S. MARGOLIS

The Dean's Source reference. "What did you say, Fanchon?" Editor of Apothekan; Chancellor Rho Pi Phi.

JOSEPH NAKASHIAN

"How much hair did I lose today?" Joe plods along methodically — and he gets there.

Basketball Team.





SIDNEY PAIKOFF

"Pappa's protege." "Ever work in a drug store, sonny?" A quiet and studious fellow —but he's learning better now—we hope!

ROMOLO T. PROTOPAPAS

"Prot". He rarely opens his mouth — but when he does, it's worth listening to.
Kappa Psi.

HARRY ROWINSY

From luggage to laudanum. "Who needs a date? I've got one left over!" Smile and show your teeth, Harry! A.Ph.A.; Apothekan Staff.

ZOLA SAFFER

Kid "Sparks." "T.W.A. went down 3/8." "Two El Ropo's Signor." Rho Pi Phi.





RALPH SALTZMAN.

"Sleeping Beauty." "When women look at me, they're dead!" More hair on his lip than on his head.

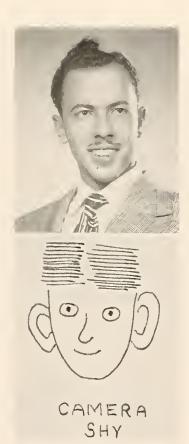
BERNARD STARKMAN

"Hmm—the Dean is a page behind in his lecture today."

Delta Sigma Theta.







IRWIN TABACHNICK

"Aw ya phoney." An appetite—with feet. Vice-President Senior Class; Business Manager Apothekan; Delta Sigma Theta.

JAMES J. TOBIN

President—Worriers Inc. "Life can be beautiful." "Did you answer the questions on the back of the paper, Jim?"





IRVING S. WAHL

What has C.U.C.P. got that Rutgers ain't? He's old fashioned—he blushes when he is embarrassed.
Basketball Team.

RAYMOND L. WEINSTEIN

Wild Bill's Pard. "Can I take my "wife" to Indianapolis?" Class President in '44; Delta Sigma Theta.

SELMA WEINSTEIN

"Come up and see me some time — to study." "What do I do next, Barbara?" Apothekan Staff; Secretary Lambda Kappa Sigma.

MAXIM S. WISE

"I could have married that girl." Where's the Officers Club?"

Freshman Class President; Ass't Manager Basketball Team; A.Ph.A.; Amer. Chem. Society; Apothekan Staff; Delta Sigma Theta.





MAURICE K. ZOLKOWER

"Cugat." "The Jeep." "Seen any good jobs lately?" The Perfessor—our favorite teacher. Past Chancellor Rho Pi Phi.



CLASS OFFICERS



President Myron J. Kaner Vice President. Irwin Tabachnick Student Council Representatives Harry W. Hill, Herbert Halpern

Harry W. Hill, Herbert Halpern Secretary Barbara J. Keenan

LOWER SENIOR CLASS



FLASH!!! A wild horde descerds on C.U.C.P.! In July, 1945, the Freshman classentered. We were great in number — a grand total of twenty-three men and women. This influx of students brought the College of Pharmacy up to a fighting strength of approximately sixty-five students. We had the doubtful honor of being the last in everything: the last class to enter during the war, the last class to be on the war-time accelerated program, and the last class on the old curriculum.

Our first impressions were those that any normal Freshman class would have. Remember the Thorndike and Aptitude Examinations? Professor Hart kept telling us that it has no effect on our status in school, we know better now. Do you recall how Dr. Di Somma introduced us to chemistry by blowing up a milk bottle with Hydrogen gas in it? Mr. Anzelmi with his quiet assurance calmed us after the blast. In C.C., Dr. Luthin taught us everything from Lutheranism to Republicanism. What we learned is a dif-

ferent story. It was everything from bowling to football to "Sagoya" animals. Dr. Wimmer really oriented us to the History of Pharmacy—chop-chop. Who will ever forget those Pharmacy calculations examinations where ninety was passing; but most of all where "Da y over Da x" is equal to Mr. Supnick. About English, the less said the better. Our officers that year were: Rappaport as President, Reep as Vice-President and Feinsand as Secretary. By the way, whatever happened to that Freshman magazine we were going to publish?

At last we reached our Sophomore year. Now we could sell our old books to unsuspecting Freshmen and recoup our losses of the first year. But we were tricked-foiled again! The new class was using different books! We heard rumors that we were going to the uptown campus—we did. For what? We're still wondering, but on the face of it, to learn physics. Professor Farwell showed us every week what French curves looked like - exam curves that is. By the end of this course the New York City Subway System was running out of the red. Mr. Ingenhuett repeatedly asked the girls, "Konnen Sie schwimmen wie einen Fische?"-We're still trying to figure out the connection. Zoology taught us all to be "catbutchers", but we were surprised when we learned that they all weren't female cats. Pharmaceutical Latin taught us that cooperation pays. Now honestly, who ever did his own homework? Dr. Brown warned us in Dispensing Pharmacy that the silver paper on suppositories should be removed before using. In Botany, the favorite auestion was, "Miss Kelz, how many stamen does this have?" For Professor Liberman, we wish a class of non-cook-book chemists. Ehrenberg was president, Lesker was vice-president and Feinsand was secretary . . . Mike Roscoping had everyone watching themselves . . .

We're half way through now, THANK GOD! a rhyme:--

Two more years of education,
Then we go to graduation,
Out to civilization,
The Dean will carry us there . . .

February 3, 1947, can be recorded as a red letter day - literally red. We started Organic Chemistry. This course was supposed to be the nemesis of all students. It was for a few, but all in all, Dr. Di Somma turned out to be a grand guy. After Organic we needed First Aid, so Dr. Redden obligingly stepped in. In Manufacturing Pharmacy, we took up all the old, decrepit and drip preparations in the U.S.P. and N.F. Upon completion of this course we felt like decrepit drips. Dr. Halsey in Physiology had everyone playing it cozy. In Pharmaceutical Economics, Mr. Kravitz made lawyers of us, while Mr. Blank taught us and Zuckman how to run and buy \$40,000 stores without that one important thing-capital. Did you know that navel oranges have navels? Did you know the termination date for renewing GI insurance? Do you know what a pyxis is? (not the elf kind). We all know now, since we took Pharmacognosy. "Candid" Palais was president, "Smitty" Smith was vice-president, and guess who was secretary!

FLASH!!! In another year a wild horde will be leaving C.U.C.P. and we're wild about it.

JUNIOR CLASS



SAGA OF THE '49'ers by Norton J. Bramesco

With apologies to the memory of H. W. Longfellow

Should you ask me, whence these mortars,

Whence these pestles and prescriptions

With the odors of the phenol; Of the chloral and the menthol

With the curling smoke of Bunsens

With the ping-pong in the basement,

l should answer, I should tell vou

Of the class of forty-niners. From the flats and heights of Jersey

Across the mighty Hudson,

From the land of the Gowanus

Where dwell the Brooklyn Dodgers,

From the forests of Lawn Gisland,

Their titles awsome sounding To the class of Forty-Niners. Should you ask me whence the customs

Whence the legends and traditions

From the cities of the northland

From the white plains and

the yonkers,

The squaws and braves assemble

At the sixty-eighth street wigwam

Where rules the chief Deanballard

And his great and mighty council

Of medicine men and sachems.

The pokorny and disomma
The fanchonhart and halsey
The liberman and heimerzeim

Of the tribe of forty-niners, l should answer, l should tell you

Of their leader Rupesalisbury

And his aid the wise Artsnyder

Who attend the tribal councils.

In the basement of the wigwam

Around the square green tables

The Nieman and Rattiner
The Irvingfish and Jaffe
Practice witchcraft with a

And a white ball known as

paddle

ping-pong.

In the men's lounge of the wigwam

Sit the devotees of poker And other sundry card games.

Sit the Prucker and Levine boys

Sit the Gismo and the Murad.

Sit the Rook and Mauricelevin,

Sit the Scott and Bernardleon And the Bickwitt all assembled

With no wampum on the table.

Through the corridors of the tepee

Troop the lusty, happy warriors,

The Aversa and Mandrona, The Irvcohen and Romano And the Josephazzarello

Whose voices can be heard by

The Gods up on the campus.
While behind the hall of lecture

The tribal squaws assemble. In their pelts of skunk and beaver

In their brightest hues of war



paint

Are the Anastasiaschassler
And the Datloff known as
Eppie.

Outside the female haven
Wait the heartstruck fortyniners

Wait the Henriksen and Bromberg

And the handsome Patvacante

For the golden haired Margecramer

Who rests within the shelter.

And the tiny Jackieehrlich

Has her complement of suitors

The Rosenbloom among them

And another sturdy warrior The noble Barneyjacobs With his calumet a-glowing.

With his calumet a-glowing.

At the entrance of the wigwam

Twixt the rooming house and art store,

Lounge another group of warriors

Of the tribe of forty-niners Lounge the Bogdenaw and Buttwinick

The Seymourcohen and Siebert

Lounge the Youngerman and Crystal

The Weissman and the Satin, Appraising all the females Who chance to pass the wig-wam. Within the hall of lecture The tribe attends the powwows.

Here sit the Loubreslauer, The miller known as Robert The Langer and Rabinowitz Engrossed in tribal matters Here sits the famed Joemiller A brave of huge dimensions. And the little group of warriors

Who always sit together.
The Halpern and the Silver,
Pearlmutter and the Posen
Sit the Clarencefrey and
Denaler

Sit Zagame and Torigian
Of the tribe of forty-niners.
And in another section
Sit the Winkenbach and
Graham

Heres the Tomprochaska With fellow braves and cohorts

The Finklestein and Kessler The Fein and Irwinrudnick And the grinning Murraybravin

Who always throws the bison.

Behold the brave in olive drab

The quiet pensive Johnboyle, The studious Terlizesse

And the swarthy Henrymurad And the Rosenberg with

pencils Drawing symbols of the devil In the subject called organic.
And in another corner
Sit the Ricco and the Schiffman

Sit the Minaker and the Wolfson

With brawn and brain among them,

In the class of forty-niners.

And heres a wounded war-

The diminutive Murraycohen With his right foot all abandaged

And no moccasin upon it.

And yet there is another brave,

The six foot plus, Albrehm Who frequently is seen with The historian, Yourstruly.

And as the sun sinks slowly down

Beyond the mighty Hudson Goes the class of forty-niners From the sixty-eighth street wigwam

Goes the tribe to think and ponder

Goes the tribe to work and study

With a thought to give them solace

With a thought to ease their worry

With a thought that's always growing

And that thought is:

WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR!

SOPHOMORE CLASS



It was with anticipation and eagerness that the largest Freshman class that the school has seen for many years entered in September, 1946. This was the launching of many capable men and women into their chosen profession.

Our class was full of many colorful personalities, some of whom had seen service in the past war. Our ranks were enhanced by fourteen young ladies who made our life a bit more cheerful.

No time was wasted in getting down to our studies. We were introduced to the fascinating subject of Botany by Professor Pokorny's annual stroll through Central Park. From then on Professor Pokorny, Drs. Bailey and de Groot, and Messr's Stern and Hoffman saw to it that we wouldn't have time for leisurely strolls through any parks.

It wasn't long before the members of our class began distinguishing themselves in extra-curricular activities. A few joined the staff of the **Spatula** while others became stars on the basket-ball team. The soft ball team, composed of members of our class, had a fairly successful season in competition with various ball clubs in the University.

Our class officers were elected soon after

our midterm examinations. We chose Danny Albert as President, Danny Klayman as Vice-President, Gerry Kass as Council Representative and Lilly Parker as Secretary. The dances held during the first half of our Freshman Year were very successful and were attended by many members of our class.

The beginning of the second semester of our Freshman Year found us faced by a new problem—Zoology. The drawings made in laboratory showed that our members belonged to a variety of schools of expression. It is rumored that Jerry Drake's drawing of a grasshopper was almost a direct steal from Pablo Picasso—or was it Salvador Dali? One of the lighter moments in Zoology occurred when the aforementioned Jerry brought his "pickled" cat down to his locker to be perfumicated.

Toward the end of our Freshman Year, we voted for our Sophomore officers. Danny Albert was re-elected President, Arthur Galli was elected Vice-President, Leonard Epstein was elected Secretary and Arnold Kamm was elected as Council Representative. Gerry Kass was chosen as one of C.U.C.P.'s representatives to the Columbia

University Student Council. The peak of social activity and the final episode of our Freshman Year was the post-semester boatride which was an enjoyable occassion for all.

The commencement of our Sophomore Year brought cheer and hope to all of us, for our year-long friendships were renewed and there would be another year in which we might strive to fulfill the oaths we had taken on the eve of the June exams. There were also some new faces among the Sophomore's, for the roster had been enhanced by a considerable number of transfer students and veterans. These fellows became a vital part of the class from the first day. This feeling of sublime contentment lasted but a few days, for with the able assistance of our professors, we were soon hard at work in Pharmacy, Qualitative Analysis and Physics. Phrases with a new optimistic twist were coined as signs of the times. "Two nicks and one snicker", and "I'll spot him . . .", were soon common parlance.

The midsemesters served as a cold shower to those of us who were still reminiscing of languorous days in the warm sun. There were foreshadowings of things to come if some of us didn't burn the midnight oil for the rest of the semester. When the grades

were finally posted, the lights seemed to glow a little longer and a little brighter in the windows of the "dorm boys". As Sophomores we were gaining a new perspective. Taking Physics on the University campus made us feel more of an integral part of the University. After seeing many of the elaborate laboratories in Havemeyer and Pupin Halls, many of us inwardly hoped that we might see the College of Pharmacy located on the Campus, where we might make more convenient use of the many facilities there.

The Christmas holidays were welcomed eagerly as a chance to heal the midsemester wounds and prepare a sturdier defense against the onslaught of the mid-years; however, the holiday was quickly over and the exams seemed to be upon us again. Had we kept our vows of the last exams and done our work conscientiously? Human nature will persist—the midnight oil burnt true that week, oil shortage or no!

The mid-year vacation soon came to an end and again we returned to master the subjects before us. Finally we became more optimistic over our future, since we were now actually doing work in our chosen field. Our efforts were renewed in all our courses and through these efforts we hope to make a triumphal exit in June 1950.

FRESHMAN CLASS

For some members of the Freshman class of the Columbia College of Pharmacy thoughts ran, "Fun's over, down to work," or "high school's finished, you're college students now;" for many others these thoughts were, "The war is over, time to plan one's career; prepare for the future!" Thus, in September, 1947, did the Freshman class begin its studies. The presence of the mature ex-servicemen in the classroom gave our group an aura of decorum not usually seen in the Freshman class; veterans set the example for the non-veterans to follow.

Since the College of Pharmacy is a relatively small institution, one might think that the classes would become acquainted with each other with rapid ease, but this apparently is not the case. The election of the Freshman officers was strictly a sectional campaign. To aggravate this situation, immediately after the elections there was a slight feeling of antipathy towards those members of the class who did not vote the "sectional" ticket. All such feelings have disappeared however, and peace reigns supreme once more. Our President, Saul Mandel, has thus far done an efficient job, working under the difficult conditions which prevail. Larry Rabinowitz, was elected to the office of Vice-President, and we suspect that he has his eye on the Presidency. Maybe next year, Larry! Our Student Council representative, Leon Lachman, has been working up a lather on behalf of his constituents. We hope that he is not slamming his head against the well known brick wall -in this case, the Student Council, Forgive us our human weakness if we seem to rush hurriedly over the accomplishments of our male officers, but we want to get on to the Freshman Class Secretary. Miss Louise Haupt bears mentioning, but definitely, for here is a blonde, blue-eyed, chic young lady who evokes sighs and comments from the unattached male population of the class.

The major intra-collegiate sport of C.U.C.P. is probably table-tennis. The upper classmen, believing that they held priority on the college's only two tables, tried to

take over. Needless to say, the Frosh took little heed. Their first maneuver failing, the upper classmen set up long waiting lines to thwart any talents that might be lying dormant in the ranks of the stalwart '51'ers. The situation took on the appearance of a siege, with the upper classmen holding the fort—I mean the ping-pong tables, and the freshmen doing their utmost to break down the defenses. Learning from experience, the hope of C.U.C.P. (that's us) began to form blocs of their own, and the battle took on a more equal aspect. The arrival of the Student Council's paddles and ping-pong balls so completely astounded both sides. that the feud was forgotten and all is now as it should be.

The Class of '51 has its share in the field of sports. Our own Gerry Trufelman is a member of the C.U.C.P Basketball team. and Tom Nicoli is a member of the Columbia Jayvee Basketball team. Unfortunately, the fact that many of us work after school, prevents our more active participation in the Basketball team and other extra-curricular activities.

The Freshman class has set up many goals for itself. After patiently waiting for the school publication **The Spatula** to come out, most of us were surprised and disgusted to learn that it had collapsed. Undaunted by **The Spatula**'s failure, the Frosh are banding together as a group to publish their own paper. By setting an example for the other classes, we hope to gain their support for our enterprise. In the field of social endeavor, the Freshman class is planning to give its whole-hearted support to the next college affair, which will probably be a boat ride.

Frosh are looking to the future—toward that day when they embrace one of the many branches of the pharmaceutical profession. These men and women are embarking on a voyage whose objective is membership in a key profession, without which modern gregarious society would be miserably inadequate.















STUDENT COUNCIL



The Student Council of Columbia University College of Pharmacy is a body of students who are duly elected by their respective classes, to represent the interests of those classes. Through its cooperation with the Student Activities Committee, to whom it is responsible, it has been able to act as a governing body for the students, as well as a voice through which student sentiments may be brought to the attention of the faculty. The council sponsors social, athletic and cultural activities in which all students are invited to participate.

Among the various functions it has carried out this year, the Student Council has successfully sponsored a dance, which was held at John Jay Hall just before the Christmas vacation. The council is subsidizing the Basketball Team, which represents the college both in intramurals on the University Campus and in the newly formed Pharmacy League. Included in the athletic budget for this year are Softball and Ping-Pong Teams.

One of the newest duties of the council has been the aiding in the election of two men who are to act as representatives of the College of Pharmacy to the newly formed All University Council. It is the object of this body to bring closer cooperation and understanding between the various colleges which constitute Columbia University. Although still in its infancy, the All University Council has already shown the great possibilities it possesses by carrying out both the University Clothing Drive for needy students in other parts of the world, and a drive for contributions for a University Fund which is to be divided among the various national foundations.

The present members of the student council are:

Upper Senior Reps.

Bernard Palais and Marvin Ehrenberg

Lower Senior Reps.

Rupert Salisbury and Arthur Snyder

Junior Reps.

Daniel Albert and William Kamp

Sophomore Reps. -

Leon Lachman and Saul Mandel

BASKETBALL TEAM



Eugene Rosenkrantz, Albert Brehm, Robert Blake, Hyman Datloff, Arnold Diamond, Maxim Wise, Joseph Nakashian, John Lipinski, Stewart Jaffe. Also George Courtros and Irving Wahl.

C.U.C.P.'s only representative in the realm of inter-collegiate athletics is the basketball team. Although they have won no national titles, these players have done a remarkable job under very difficult circumstances.

Dormant since 1933, the team was re-activated in October, 1946. Despite the lack of funds and a gym in which to practice, long school hours and difficulty in arranging a schedule, the team, under the direction of Prof. Pokorny, Eugene Rosenkrantz and Gino Altieri, played fourteen games in its first season. The result was an even split, which was highly satisfactory, if not amazing, considering the many obstacles.

The highlight and finale of the initial season was a dinner held at Gino Altieri's home in White Plains in honor of the team and Professor Pokorny . A wonderful meal was served, and a fine time was had by all.

With the advantage gained from a year's experience, the players set out to make their second season more successful than their first. The difficulties of the first year had not vanished, but now the team had acquired a coach and entered the Eastern Inter-collegiate Pharmacy League. The new coach is William Eich, formerly of the athletic staff of Ohio State University. Under his leadership, the basketball team hopes to be more successful and to become a permanent activity at the college.

LAMBDA KAPPA SIGMA



President — Barbara Keenan Secretary — Selma Weinstein Vice President — Bernice Jacobson Treasurer — Anna Cruzado

Lambda Kappa Sigma is the largest national pharmaceutical sorority in the country. As a member of Professional Panhellenic Association, its aims are to further the recognition of women in various professions, to help maintain the high ideals of these professions and to aid women in attaining equal standing with men in professional life.

Sigma chapter has been in existence for well over fifteen years. The activities of our group are somewhat limited because of its small size, however we do manage small functions, and act as hostess to other chapters when conventions are held in New York. Our graduate chapter has spread from Canada to South America, from the Philippines to Europe. Graduate members retain contact with school activities through bulletins and notices which are sent out through the sorority regularly: in this manner, we hope to further the principles of our organization and be an inspiration to our members and to all women in Pharmacy.

DELTA SIGMA THETA



Chancellor Vice Chancellor Scribe Historian Treasurer Sentinel Harold Roemer
Harry Hill
Stanley Gottheim
Norton Bramesco
Joseph Miller
George Goldberg

Delta Sigma Theta is a non-sectarian fraternity which embraces the three healing arts of Pharmacy, Medicine and Dentistry. The fraternity was founded thirty years ago at the Brooklyn College of Pharmacy and has steadily expanded to all parts of the world since that time.

Delta Chapter is proud of the fact that rain or shine, peace or war, there is a meeting of its membership every two weeks. These bi-monthly get-togethers further cement a feeling of brotherhood and good fellowsip between alumni, students and faculty. The older fraters are always willing to lend a helping hand to their "kid brothers."

The feeling of cooperation and fraternalism started in school continues long after graduation. Many members have been attending meetings regularly for twenty or more years, and whether they arrive before, during or after the meeting, there are always some fraters on hand to greet them. This is one of the many reasons that Delta Sigma Theta is, and will continue to be, an inspiration to its members everywhere.

KAPPA PSI



Regent — Charles W. Rose Vice-Regent — Puzant C. Torigian Secy.-Treasurer — George W. Dengler Historian — John Boyle Chaplain — John V. Connell

Kappa Psi is one of the oldest pharmaceutical fraternities in the United States. It is represented in C.U.C.P by Gamma Chapter, which, in common with the college chapters of the various pharmaceutical fraternities and sororities, is experiencing a postwar surge of growing pains. The pains are expected soon to mellow into the pleasure of an expanded program of activities in the year ahead. It is planned that the activities, though primarily designed to benefit the chapter membership, will add to the dignity and stature of the profession of pharmacy as a whole.

RHO PI PHI



Chancellor — Martin S. Margolis Vice-Chancellor — Herman S. Zuckman Scribe — Marvin L. Silver

Guardian of Exchequer — Maurice
Buttwinick
Past Chancellor — Maurice K. Zolkower

Rho Pi Phi is one of the largest international pharmaceutical fraternities in the world. It was just about 30 years ago that a group of men from various parts of the country gathered at the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy to pursue the study of their chosen profession. Eager to continue their pleasant association and good-fellowship—ties usually severed upon graduation, thirteen men banded together and organized Rho Pi Phi.

In 1921, the leaders of Rho Pi Phi came to New York and established Gamma Chapter at the New York College of Pharmacy. Since that date, the Fraternity has expanded and grown continuously. Today, with Supreme Council Head-quarters in Toronto, Canada, Rho Pi Phi has chapters in colleges of pharmacy from New York to California, from Europe to Beyrouth, Lebanon.

The purpose of this fraternity is twofold: to foster and maintain the high professional ideals expounded by Maimonides, Father of Pharmacy, and secondly, to imbue its members with the spirit of comradeship and camaraderie so thoroughly, that their relationships will continue long after the completion of their college studies.

This year, Gamma chapter's activities included: the annual smoker, an initiation and banquet at the Hotel Claridge, re-activation of the chapter-alumni publication Rope News, and sponsorship of a dance at Earl Hall. The "Ropes" of C.U.C.P. are paving the way for an ever-expanding program of social and cultural activities.

PHARMACEUTICAL LATIN

Because of its frequent usage in practice as well as in theory, Pharmaceutical Latin is one of the subjects that stays with the Pharmacist long after he has completed his curriculum in school. In order to emphasize the importance of this course, and also that it may serve as a permanent reference in later years, we have set forth on this page just a few of the more frequently used abbreviations, with their true connotation.

OII.	
B.I.D	Brown's in despair
D.T.D	Drop twice dead
E.M.P	Eat more pills
F.S.A	For Sam's assistant
I.C	Iceman Cometh
In Loc. Frig.	In a locked refrigerator
M.S.A	Many students absent
	Hurry, shmoe
Non Rep.	Nonsensical reply
O.D	
O.L	Our Loueynathan
O.S	Osculation in Secret
O.M.	Oh migosh
P. C	Pure crystals
P.P	Parcel Post
*	Pappa pays tuition.
	Please return nailfile
	Pharmacists have grief
Q.S	Quart schnapps
	Quack in Drugstore
	Studebaker Automobile
	Sell old stock
	48, 49, 50
T.I.D.	Trade in dope

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EDITORS NOTE

In putting out this book, we have attempted to provide the readers with something that will recall to them in later years many of the little joys and sorrows that go to make up any college course. We sincerely trust that no one will take offense at anything herein contained.

